



AR-15



post-apocalyptic weapons stand-off

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Chapter 1 by Ricky Advani

It's dark, cruel and haunting out there. No one can survive in that cursed town. Only Dreads and Curlers roam the street, the sounds of death and suffering penetrates through these brick walls. All we can do is sit and wait in this deserted concrete island. The guards can only do so much for us by clearing dreads off the gates. Meanwhile, Dr.Gale has been working on a new weapon prototype which will kill the Dreads and Curlers more efficiently.

On one occasion he had called me to his lab. "Hey, could ya come over to the lab real quick?" I marched down to the lab and pushed open the thick metal door with enormous effort as a Dread snuck into the lab last week through the air vents and broke the automated piston.

Dr.Gale cheered as he looked at my face and ran back into his room in sheer excitement. I waited around and looked at the decor and the instruments around the grayscale desk. "Here!Look!", Screeched Dr.Gale. In his hands was a huge rifle, it glowed crimson and had an extension which was sort of a tripod. He dropped it into my hands and it felt incredibly light! It even had a slot for launching homing missiles.

We took it to the firing range and had Louis try it out. Louis was so overwhelmingly excited to use a new weapon that he broke down the west gate of the compound. Dr.Gale took it and asked me to take a trial as he only had one at the moment.

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I held the trigger firmly and rested its sleek, elegant body against my shoulder pads. The scope automatically popped up as I held the trigger back. The rifle quickly went "dakka dakka dakka" and it was like a wild lion on loose. The recoil kept pushing my body back, but thanks to the design I was able to keep balance.

The siren from the west gate suddenly broke into thunder and the men from the barracks marched up to the terrace and controlled the machine guns. Dr.Gale insisted us to stay near the plaza and use the weapon to test its efficiency. I told him that I had no professional training against Dreads or Curlers but Dr.Gale just wouldn't listen. I finally agreed and covered myself in cloak for defense.

Chapter 2 by Pharaoh



The air was cold but the ear-piercing wailing escaping the Dreads mouths was colder. My hands shivered, the cold metal of the prototype chilling them to the bone. Spare bullets hung across my shoulder, weighing me down. I wasn't a trained defender. I wasn't even a defender in training – I was just a boy with a prototype gun. And I was uneasy.

You could hear the Dreads footsteps pounding on the loose gravel just outside the wall. Men surrounded me on the front line with only the wall between us and the Dreads. We'd had raids from the Dreads before, the Curlers too, but it sounded as if there were many more this time than ever before. The Dreads unmistakable war chant could be heard and then they started climbing.

The wall had never fallen before. It was our safety barrier and without it we would die. Every raid, the Dreads or Curlers would breach the wall, climbing over but quickly they were slaughtered, bullets piercing their soul-less bodies. Every man surrounding me held their guns, firing as the first Dreads dropped from the top of the wall landing on our soil. Propping the prototype in my hands, I peered into the scope and fired.

It was a thing of beauty. I couldn't have imagined it being this amazing even after testing it at the

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"Oh no," I whispered looking at the number of bullets I had left. I was running out. Removing my finger from the trigger I stopped firing to save bullets, except the gun kept firing.

I screamed. "The prototypes broken! I can't stop the firing." All the soldiers around me stopped firing and looked at me with fear stricken eyes. This wasn't the first time this had happened, and the last time this had occurred, the gun exploded after firing all the bullets. Removing the gun from my possession, the defender to my right launching it into the air slinging it towards the wall bullets spraying every direction whilst doing so.

And then it exploded. Red hot head radiated outwards scorching the ground and suddenly the day wasn't so cold. Diving behind cover, I waited. Peering out from behind my cover, smoke clouded everything but as the smoke clearing I saw the explosion has killed the Dreads.

But we had a bigger problem than the Dreads now; there was a hole in the wall.

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